

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

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JASPER, INDIANA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

NO. 40.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT JASPER,
BURSIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY
CLEMENT DOANE.
OFFICE—CORNER OF MACDONALD AND
WEST STREETS.

TERMS—STRICTLY IN ADVANCE:
Single Subscription, for fifty Nos., \$1.50
For six months, 1.00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
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Longer advertisements, at same rate.—
A fraction over even square or square,
counted as a square. There are the terms
for transient advertisements; a reasonable
deduction will be made to regular advertise-
ments.

Notices of appointment of administrators
and legal notices of like character, to be
paid in advance.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES:
For Township officers, each \$1.00
For County, " " 2.50
For District, Circuit, or State, 5.00

Clement Doane,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JASPER, INDIANA.

Will attend promptly to any business
intrusted to him in any of the courts
of Dubois county. Office in the Courier
building, on West street.

W. C. Adams. **B. BUNTER.**
ADAMS & BUETNER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
JASPER, INDIANA.

ADAMS & BUETNER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
JASPER, INDIANA.
Office—North east corner McDonald and
West streets. March 14, 1863.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
THE undersigned will hereafter practice
in the Circuit Court of Dubois County,
and will promptly attend to all business
entrusted in his care.

WILL N. TRACEWELL.

S. L. WILSON.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAS permanently located in Jasper; he
is ready at all hours to attend and re-
spond to calls.

Particular attention will be given to Mid-
wifery.
Office on the East side of North Main at
June 24th 1865-v.

R. BECK,
BOOT & SHOE STORE,
EAST SIDE OF PUBLIC SQUARE, JASPER.

WOULD respectfully inform
the public that they have a
large and splendid assortment
of Boots and Shoes on hand,
which they will sell as cheap as can be done
anywhere, and will warrant all their work
Give us a trial. **ROMUALD BECK.**

NEW STORE!
Dry Goods, Clothing and
Groceries!

THE undersigned has just returned from
the Queen City with a well selected
stock of the above articles, to which he
invites the attention of citizens of Dubois
county. He is confident he can sell his
goods as cheap as any merchant in this
vicinity. His stock of gentlemen's Clothing
is particularly fine. Call and see for your-
selves, at the big brick, north of the Court
House. **JOSEPH EGG.**
September 26, 1865-17

Furniture! Furniture!
The undersigned respect-
fully informs the public

that he has now, and will constantly keep
on hand, or manufacture to order, all the
latest and most fashionable varieties of Fur-
niture, such as Wardrobes, Bureaus, Bed-
steads, Tables, Lounges, and a large assort-
ment of chairs, of the best styles. He re-
spectfully invites those desiring anything in
his line, to call and examine his stock be-
fore purchasing elsewhere, as he is con-
fident he can please them, at his shop on the
corner of Newton and Porter streets.
JACOB ALLEN.
Dec. 24, 1864-17

NEW SADDLERY
AND
GEN. Harness Manufactory.

WILLIAM H. PFEFFER, respectfully
announces to the citizens of Dubois, and
surrounding counties, that he has opened a
Shop, on North Main street, in Jasper,
where he is prepared to do all kinds of work
in Saddle, harness making, and buggy
trimming. A stock of saddles and harness
kept constantly on hand for sale as low as
they can be bought elsewhere. Repairing
done promptly. He will be thankful for a
share of public patronage.
July 25d, 1865 tr.

[From the Vincennes Western Sun.]
Peace.

Old gory Mars has reined his steed—
At last his bloody sword is sheathed;
The cannon's roar no more is heard,
Victory's crown is laurel-wreathed.

No more is seen the solid files—
The war-steam rather up no more;
No more does brother strike the blow
That makes his brother's heart blood pour!

No more in anxious, dread suspense,
Does loving mother, sister, wife,
Await the hopeful, fearful, news,
From the far-distant field of strife.

Ah, not the crimsoned idiom—war,
Has fled before the face of peace!
And o'er America's proud land
Has come to every home, relief:

The retribution from on High—
The chastening due a Nation's sins—
Is passed, and let us hope from now
The reign of virtuous peace begins.

The God of battles stretched His hand:
(And nothing can resist His will),
He heard our prayers, in mercy smiled,
And bade the war-steam "Peace, be still!"

But tho' our land in promise tells
Of Plenty's harvest, as of years;
There's a void in every home and heart—
It is not what it was before!

In unknown fields, in Southern lands,
Sleeps many a form to love once dear;
And many homes throughout the land
For fallen heroes shed memory's tear!

A loving father—christened son—
No more returns love's smile to share;
Each lowly cottage—coolly dome—
Has one sad, lonely, vacant chair!

Count o'er the wounds, the sighs, the tears,
The load of misery unhealed—
The widow's grief, the orphan's moan,
And tell me, brother, what is gained?

Our Union's not cemented yet
With christian's pure, fraternal spell;
And whether love will grow again,
Futurity alone can tell.

But let us hope a blessed weal
May summons deadly terrors to cease;
And let us rejoice that gory Mars
Has bowed in truth to white-robed Peace.

W. S. GAFFNEY.
WASHINGTON, D. C. October, 1865.

Increase of Crime—Who is Responsible?
As soon as the Administration broke the
agreement made by Mr. Seward, the Secre-
tary of State, with the Confederate de facto
Government, to surrender Fort Sumter, was
commenced. Immediately upon the break-
ing out of the war in South Carolina the
Republican leaders commenced arresting
innocent men in Indiana without any legal
charge being made against them; men then
arrested were thrown into dungeons, mal-
treated in almost every possible method,
and after a while turned out of prison. The
Executive set up his Government of the
State, in violation of the Constitution and
laws, orders were issued in violation of the
Constitution and laws by the Corrigtorians,
and others no better, forbidding the people
to purchase arms, and men were arrested if
they violated the lawless orders, notwith-
standing the Constitution declares the right
to bear arms shall not be infringed. All
security to person and property was gone.
In this state of things many reasoned thus:
If there is no law for officers, if they are
lawless, why may we not follow their exam-
ple? Some said we must do it to protect our-
selves, as the law gives no protection. Thus
did the officials introduce lawlessness and
crime, which still prevails. This is our un-
derstanding. (Indianapolis Herald.)

Trouble Up.—It is hard to tell which foot
up the ladder is this country, the applica-
tion for marriage license, or the application
for divorce. We publish the former gratis,
with a gown—the latter for a handsome fee,
and with a smile.—Vincennes Dispatch.

Senator who called upon General
Grant a day or two ago, demonstrated with
him for keeping so many General officers
in the service unemployed. He replied that
he had several weeks ago made out a list to
be mustered out, but that they were hang-
ing fire in the War Department, or some
other place.

Governor Morton's Proclamation.

The closing scenes of a most eventful
year bring with them the appropriate time to
offer unto Divine Providence the tribute of
our thanksgiving and praise. If, heretofore,
such times have been observed, in anywise,
in obedience to the demands of custom,
rather than as a grateful offering to God,
the signal mercies and kindnesses we have, as
a nation, been made the recipients of during
the present year, should surely awaken us
to a power and fuller realization, than ever
of the everance and gratitude due to Him
who holdeth the destinies of the Nation
in His hands.

Our long and bloody civil war is ended,
and Peace again smiles upon the land; and
the end shows that God has been with us,
giving victory to our allies, and guiding the
councils of the nation.

Our harvests have been plentiful, and
the rewards of every branch of labor and
industry have been ample. Neither famine
nor pestilence has been known in our bor-
ders, and although we are called upon to la-
ment the loss of many of our brave soldiers
who have given their lives as a sacrifice for
their country, yet the return of so many
thousands to their homes, from bloody fields
made illustrious by their valor, is a source
of joy to all. The future is full of hope for
the enduring peace and prosperity of the
State, and illimitable prospects for National
progress, power and glory, are spread out
before us.

In view of these many blessings, and in
compliance, not only with custom, but, the
convictions of duty, I do hereby appoint
Thursday, the 7th of December next, as a
day of Thanksgiving and praise to Almighty
God for His mercies, and earnestly recom-
mend to the people of Indiana that laying
aside their ordinary avocations, they assem-
ble themselves together in their usual places
of worship, and observe that day in the man-
ner designed, bringing to God the incense
of grateful hearts, and not forgetting to
share their abundance with the poor and
needy around them.

I, Witness whereof, I have hereunto
set my hand at the Executive Chamber
in Indianapolis, this 13th day of No-
vember, 1865.

OLIVER P. MORTON.
Attest: **NELSON TAYLOR,**
Secretary of State.

"Little Dam Brook."
A clergyman seeing a little boy playing
in a brook by the road side, inquired for his
father.

"He's over to the little dam brook," ex-
claimed the lad.

"What," said the reverend gentleman,
shocked at the boy's profanity; can't you
speak without swearing?"

"Well, he is over to the little dam brook,
anyhow," persisted the boy, as he went
splashing through the water and and after a
butterfly. "He's been over to the little
dam brook all day, and if you don't believe
it, you can go up to that house and ask
mother."

The clergyman sought an interview with
the mother immediately, and complained of
the profanity of her child. After telling her
however, what the lad had said, she laugh-
ingly informed him the "little dam brook"
was a title by which the stream was called
to distinguish it from a "big dam brook,"
situated a few miles further to the east-
ward.

He now felt that he had wronged the boy
and therefore owed him an apology. Har-
rying back to the spot, he exclaimed:

"Boy, I wronged you in accusing you of
swearing; but you should have told me that
"little dam brook" was only the name of a
stream, and I then would not have scolded
you."

"Well, it ain't no matter," said the happy
youngster, as he held aloft a struggling frog
that he had speared with his mother's clothes-
line. "There's a big dam on the big dam
brook, and a little dam on the little dam brook,
and we would have had a little dam on this
brook, only I spent it's too small, it ain't
worth a dam."

**How Tom Corwin Rids His Sister of an
Obsessive Lover.**

Every one has heard of the eloquent pa-
thetic and humorous stump orator of Ohio.
He was pronounced by Mr. Clay (a most
competent authority) to be the finest stump
speaker he had ever heard, and in this
opinion I most heartily coincide, after hav-
ing heard Mr. Clay, Crittenden, Jones, of
Tennessee, Polk, Benjamin, Soule, Randall,
Douglas, and a host of others.

Well, this great orator carried his love of
fun into every department of life. In the
private circle, where he knew every person,
and where he unbosomed himself fully, he
was the most delightful conversationalist I
ever listened to. I do not know that he now,
as ago and infirmities are creeping on, in-
dulges his propensity to humor as much as
he used to do. But some twenty years ago
he used to tell with great gusto the follow-
ing story:

"In early life—so early that I cannot re-
member the removal—my father 'pulled up
stakes, from Bourbon county, Kentucky
where I was born, to Ohio. Notwithstand-
ing a rough and tumble struggle with the
world, I had a hard time to get on, owing to
a numerous and rapidly increasing family.
Well, family matters had not much improved
when I reached my thirteenth or fourteenth
year.

"At this time there lived in the neighbor-
hood a young man by the name of Pickering.
He had inherited a well-stocked farm,
was good looking and made a strong profes-
sion of religion. This latter qualification
caused him to find particular favor in the
eyes of my father, who was always blinded
by professions of extra piety.

"This fellow had a strong hankering after
one of my sisters, who was a very pretty girl.
To her he was peculiarly attentive. She
seemed always answered at his presence.
Yet he was ever at her side. She dar-
est dismiss him entirely for fear of parental
anger. Things went on this way for a year
or two, and so I partook largely of my sister's
hatred to him, I resolved to get rid of
him, come what may. I cast about for a plan for
some time, but nothing occurred which
gave me the slightest hope of being success-
ful.

"At last, returning home late one summer
night from the mill, I found the family at
their nightly devotions. Passing by the
windows of the room in which they were
assembled I saw that Pickering was there,
and pretty soon discovered that he was sed-
ding, and finally his head dropped. Now
was my opportunity. I stole ely into the
hall, which was slightly ajar, and close by
which Pickering was 'on bonded knee'; I
reached in and quickly pulling his chair
from under him, he rolled heavily, as a
sound sleeper would, upon the floor. The
noise alarmed all. The old gentlemen
stopped in the midst of his almost inter-
minable prayer, and saw the position of
Pickering. All the family laughed outright;
even my mother smiled.

"Pickering endeavored to pick himself up
as rapidly as possible, but he had touched
the old man in the tenderest point. It was
evident from his rubbing his eyes, that he
had slept under the old gentleman's min-
istrations; and had not my father's reputation
for and wide for the ferocity and strength
of his ministrations; and was not Pickering
his profaning brother? Slowly, yet most
dignifiedly did the old man approach him.

"Begone, hypocrite!" he cried, in thundering
tones. "Never enter my house again."

"Pickering was thunderstruck. He felt
that he could make no apology which would
out-act to result. He had no suspicion of
the cause of his fall which had stilled him in his
hall. He at once faced his hat, took up his
line of march, and, completely crest-fallen,
passed by me as I stood grinning in the
shadow of the porch.

"At a suitable time I entered, got my cap-
per, was told by a brother in harness who
was what had happened, and then I stole
off to bed, avoiding ignorance, and laughing
most heartily, as I dismissed myself to the
chamber, at the complete absence of my plan.
"Next day I constructively reported the matter
to my father. He was in his own room at
the time, and also threw himself upon the
bed and rolled to and fro and chuckled
at laughter. She had been disappointed
sorrow from the obsessive lover. The old
gentleman did not hear the real state of the
case for full twenty years afterward, but
when he did he laughed heartily."

Ex-Governor Wright.

The London correspondent of the Chicago
Republican pays the following left-handed
compliment to Ex-Governor Wright, of this
State:

OUR MINDSET AT BERLIN.—The recent
change in our legation at Berlin, cannot be
considered a happy one. Mr. Judd, of Illi-
nois, who has lately been recalled, is a thor-
ough American, gifted with remarkable
business, discretion and judgment, with
eloquent but unpretending manners, and a
ways commands respect even where he is
not sufficiently known to excite a warmer
feeling. In his place, Gov. Wright, a work-
ing politician of Indiana, has been sent out.
Mr. Wright is well known in France, hav-
ing served as our representative there dur-
ing the administration of President Pierce.
A man of weak mind, without either educa-
tion or talent, he is often ridiculous than
otherwise. Nothing but accidental circum-
stances ever lifted him into prominence as
a public man, and in his present situation
he may not inaptly be compared to those
in the line of chin. I know very well that he
stood firmly on the right side during the re-
bellion, when plenty of our Democratic
politicians were led off into the abyss of
obscure; but in that a sufficient reason for
putting him in a place where sound judgment
and a respectable degree of intelligence are
required?

Not Deep Enough For Prayer.

A good story is told of two raftsmen which
occurred during the late big blow on the
Mississippi, in which so many rafts were
swamped and so many raftsmen lost their
lives rigging. A raft was just emerging
from Lake Pelee as the storm came on. In
an instant the raft was pitching and wish-
ing as it suddenly dropped into Cypria,
while the waves broke over her with tre-
mendous power, and expecting instant dis-
truction one of the raftsmen dropped on his
knees and commenced praying with a vim
equal to the emergency. Happening to open
his eyes as instant, he observed his com-
panion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing
a pole into the water at the side of the raft.
"What's that yer doin', Mike?" said he,
"get down on yer knees now, for there is
not a single minute between me and purga-
tory!"

"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he cool-
ly continued to push with his pole. "be
aisy now; what is the use of prayin' when
a fellow can touch the bottom with a pole?"
Mike is a pretty good specimen of a large
class of Christians who prefer to omit pray-
ing so long as they can "touch bottom."

Our Flag.

The first battle in which the American
forces fought under a flag symbolizing their
cause, was that of Bunker Hill, when the
Yankees bore a red flag, with the motto,
"Come, if you dare!" The red coats that
memorable occasion, did dare to come, but
not to stay. On the 14th of June 1777, the
Continental Congress, then in its prime of
influence and power, resolved "That the
flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen
strips, alternate red and white, and that
the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue
field, representing a new constellation."—
This resolution was made public on the 26
of September, and the new flag was unfurled
over the national armistice for the first
time at the surrender of Burgoyne, after the
battle of Saratoga.

President on Pardons.

An officer in the Federal army, who went
South to join the rebellion at the outbreak
called upon the President and asked for per-
don. The President informed him he had
not yet pardoned officers who had gone over
to the South and taken up arms against the
North. He did not know what he might do
in future, but at present he held their cases
under advisement.

As an drinker in Maine has never been
known to drink any water. He says he
never heard of water used as a general rem-
edy but once—in the time of Noah—when
a killed more than it cured.

As a fellow fellow advised a friend not
to marry a poor girl, as he would find mat-
rimony with poverty "up hill work."
"Good," said his friend; "I would rather go
up hill than down a hill any time."

Probably the oldest person in New
England is Mrs. Rebecca Hunt, of Harvard,
who was born in Orono in 1759—not hun-
dred and six years ago.